The Virtual Arts and Life Magazine

rezZ

june 2020

100

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About the Cover: It is with deep pride and profound gratitude that we present to you this month the 100th issue of *rez.* We are grateful because none of it would have been possible without the contributions of countless people, writers, designers, and staff, working for the love of art. Here's to a hundred more!

The Virtual Arts and Life Magazine

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100

"Sometimes carrying on, just carrying on, is the superhuman achievement."

Albert Camus *The Fall*

AFTER DARK
LOUNGE
on Idle Rogue

AFTER DARK
LOUNGE

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The House of

Sakura

EXPERIENCE THE BEST I
SIP CHAMPAGNE, AND E
WITH SL'S PREMIER COU

ROMANCE, ELEGANCE, AN

CONTACT LYNN MIMISTRO

N SUBTLE FLIRTATION,
ENJOY INTELLIGENT CONVERSATION
URTESANS.

D INTIMACY.

OBELL INWORLD

A piece of paradise where YOUR

fix is in the spin! Come & Relax & Enjoy

Blues, Rock & Roll, Soul, Funk.

Whatever your Heart & Soul Craves.

Rentals, Bento, Dance, Hangout & Greedy

Thunder (21, 145, 22)

THE SHEWORTHY PUB

♫•:*"♥"*:•♫ Welcome everyone to the Sheworthy Pub, where friends and music come together for fun and an escape from your first and second lives. ♫•:*"♥"*:•♫

http://maps.secondlife.com/secondlife/Dethly%20Island/226/3/3537

Sci-Fi
Time

ROL IS REPLACING
CENSORSHIP

Fi Con 12 -

e For a Cure

IT'S VERY SIMPLE

WASH YOUR HANDS

Barbie Starr

In the beginning of May, time began closing in on those who volunteered for the Sci-Fi Con in Second Life, an organization that has been raising funds yearly for the American Cancer Society's Relay for Life. This year marked 12 years of Sci-Fi Cons in Second Life. With the world at odds fighting a pandemic, that caused social distancing to become a part of everyday life, and this article being printed in *rez Magazine*'s 100th issue has made it a very interesting and challenging 2020. The Sci-Fi Convention in SL is always sometime

for eight regions that were resurrected by the American Cancer Society and had different themes about "Time." The slogan "Time for A Cure" set the mood and began the ball rolling as time ticked away until the opening date. Each sim was built around this theme.

As the Con started to form and the lands began to appear with content on the grid, time periods like the Paleozoic period emerged in the form of a region called Pangaea. This region was built by StarWolff

image by Holger Gilruth

in May and is dedicated to raising funds to research ways to cure cancer. This year the Sci-Fi Con got funding

(StarWolff2000), Varahi Lusch and Tonya Souther. The word Pangaea originates from Greek, combining the

word Pan meaning "all" and Gaia meaning "earth." In the Paleozoic era, earth's plates were basically all together and the continents connected.

And, of course, after traveling through Pangaea, then Orion's Landing, there was the next encounter, the Abyssal Depths, a sea region ran by none other

Another region represented Ancient Egypt, and as the Egyptians believed in aliens with all the examples in their art, the builders Bastet Lyons and Warwick Falconer did a great job depicting this on the region and fitting it to the theme perfectly. It was named after Orion; the Belt of Orion and Sirius was where Egyptians believed the Gods came down to the earth and created a human race. The region Orion's Landing showed how if aliens did land, maybe this was how it was and how aliens could have been involved.

than Orion's father, Poseidon, and built by Treyton Darkfold. As you rise up from the depths, you land on the Steampunk region, Tesla Park. This quaint era for Sci-Fi Con's entertainment sim was built by the event's coordinator, Venus (Shayna Paine), her faithful assistant who claimed he did all the work, Holger Gilruth, and Chrissy Rhiano, one of Second Life's famous dancer/choreographers and awesome builder. The Steampunk theme depicted here originated in the 19th century, which paralleled the American

image by Aerlinniel Vella

Wild West and the British Victorian era.

As visitors left Tesla Park and the past behind, they went right into Tomorrowland! Tomorrowland was built by the founder of the Sci-Fi Con, Kirk Wingtips, and our long-time member Zorina Koray, with some past design and ideas by our veteran and retired administrator, Merky (richmerk). In the land of the future, it is always fun to see what lies in the minds of those who hope for a brighter Tomorrow. As patrons continued enjoying the Con, they could trek even farther into the future, as Electric Sheep depicted life many years into the future. Electric Sheep was built by Stabitha Headass (what88.zond) and Crai Conundrumas. The sim theme combined the subgenre of a dystopian future. This genre deals with cybernetics, artificial intelligence, and radical change. The sim was extremely well thought out. Leaving Electric Sheep (which really had no sheep on it - - I did look for them) we venture into a theme of devastation and ruin in post-apocalyptic times, as you embark on your journey through Thunderdome! Heavy Metal Ranger (heavymetalranger) and Storm Von Wolf (Stormy Zephyr) built Thunderdome and won many awards at the Award Ceremony conducted after the founder officially ended Sci-Fi Con 12. Our journey through time finally ended at the Sci-Fi Con Hub, which resembled something of present day! The Hub was built by Kat Kassner, with the assistance of Holly Albright. The top three sims received awards: Thunderdome won 1st place, Tomorrowland 2nd place, and Electric Sheep 3rd place. There were also other various awards given out to staff and booths.

Past Cons also had the pleasure of hosting actors from real life. This year, I had the great privilege of interviewing one of those actors, Yee Jee Tso! The interview was very exciting for me and Mr. Tso, as well and he was extremely accommodating to tell his story!

Jami Mills, the publisher of *rez Magazine* and also the photographer for our interview, sat with me and chatted with Mr. Tso. After introductions, Mr. Mudd (mrmudd) left us to our own devices and the interview, as he trailed off to other areas of his region. I told Mr. Tso how appreciative we were for taking his time and coming into Second Life to give us an interview. I expressed how it would be a real treat for the residents in Second Life to know more about him. For those of you who are unfamiliar with the Con, the actors will come online and have Q&A sessions. This year when Mr. Tso arrived, we had a dance troupe give him a warm

welcome. The dance troupe was a new one run by resident Ruby Passion!

The interview began with my first question:

BS: *What types of hobbies do you have*?

YJT: I enjoy playing and recording music. I also play games; board games but not so much video games, although I do like some video games as well. I try to keep my kids from being total screen junkies, LOL. Nothing wrong with that, but for kids it is good to have a variety, you know? Anyway, we have a cupboard full of board games,

and we are developing a game together. That is about it. Oh, we started to play badminton in the park during the pandemic. The park is not to crowded and close to home. Badminton is really fun, except when it is super windy.

BS: *What were your reasons for going into acting*?

YJT: One of my best friends from high school, who is sadly no longer with us, invited me to go with him to an audition. As it happened, I got a role, but he did not. Ryan Reynolds got his start on that show as well. A teen drama thing. The name of the show

was *Hillside*. Brings back memories. Anyway, I started auditioning and went from there. First legit role after that was for a Canadian Heritage Minute (a public service movie vignette series that was kind of a cultural thing here).

BS: *Is science fiction one of your favorite movie genres?*

YJT: Probably. Sci-fi fantasy action stuff, like what I read with my kids, really. *Lord of the Rings, Star Wars*, etc. I watched a decent amount of Star Trek when I was younger. I like actiony type martial arts stuff. *Matrix* is one of my favorites. *Crouching Tiger*. I am more into directors, rather than genres. Ridley Scott, Robert Zemeckis, Spielberg. *Contact*, with Jody Foster, was a great movie and another favourite. Of course, I am forgetting all kinds.

BS: *What has been your best experience, present or past, with Second Life Sci-Fi Cons' Relay for Life events?*

YJT: Best experience, hmm… That is a tough one. They are all unique and interesting, each time I log in, although, the song and dance number probably took the cake.

BS: *You mean the girls that got on the stage and did the dance for you from Ruby's Time Warp Dancers?*

YJT: Venus had set it up. Do mention to them that they were AMAZING and thank them again for me, please.

BS: *I will thank them for you when I see them. My next question. How many years have you been coming to Second Life to get asked questions about your life as a science fiction actor?*

YJT: I believe it has been a couple of years now. Mudd (mrmudd) brought me into Second Life. I do not get a chance to do much online that is not work related, so this is nice when I have the chance.

BS: *Aside from the movie parts you have had in the past, what type of role would you like to play in the future, or think about playing?*

YJT: Maybe a dad role, kind of like in real life. I mean, I played a Dad in *Snowpiercer*, but the character was not about being a "dad." Not my way of saying "dad." In *Snowpiercer*, the character was a same-sex couple with kids - - a really homebody type of dad character, a dad who would be there to help do their homework, teach them things, give them pep talks, just all-around dad stuff.

BS: *Tell me about your current projects?*

YJT: I mentioned earlier that I am designing a board game with my kids. It is based on the Mistborn series, which we just read. We are currently in the second trilogy. I have also been writing more music. You can listen to my music at: https://music.apple.com/gb/artist/yee-jee-tso/id1469763939. I also have been working on source projects that are on GitHub. I publish stuff on GitHub for the MODX Framework but currently have been looking for OS projects in python to contribute to. My GitHub projects are here: https://github.com/sepiariver/. I am also currently working on a novel about a girl who discovers an ancient artifact and has to come to grips with some things in her emotional/internal life in order to prevent a catastrophe.

BS: *What is your favorite science fiction movie*?

YJT: Probably *Star Wars*. All of them.

BS: *Do you have any favorite quotes or proverbs you would like to share that have been helpful to you in your path in life*?

YJT: "*Acting is not about being someone different. It's finding the similarity in what is apparently different, then finding myself in there.*" - Meryl Streep

"*Anyone who has never made a mistake has never tried anything new.*" - Assorted attributions

"*Strive not to be a success, but rather to be of value.*" - Albert Einstein

My own geek quote: "*Machines can write code. It takes a human to solve (and create) problems.*" – Yee Jee Tso

BS: *What types of other careers have you had prior to becoming a successful actor*?

YJT: Other careers were restaurant, interior construction, technology, commercial photographer, but technology the longest.
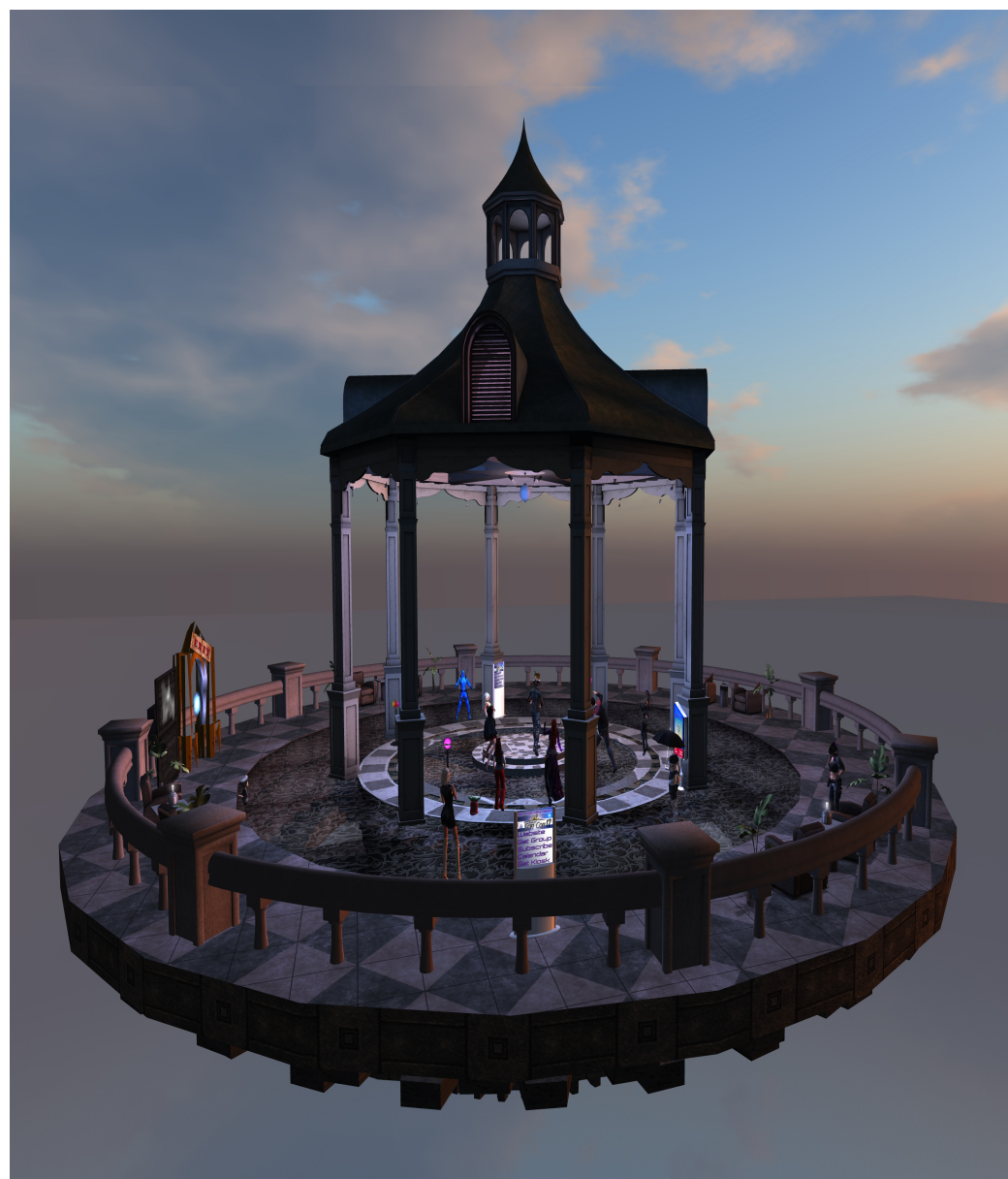
After the interview, we said our goodbyes and promised to get together for a long-needed makeover for Mr. Tso. I recommended he see Venus (Shayna Paine) to help him with that. He was so impressed with the Con this year he came back and did a second Q&A! The second one was even better than the first because instead of girls on the stage, we did an interactive mob dance with the audience before his session, and by the time he was finished, he was dancing with the audience to some awesome *Star Wars* parodies!

Each year the entertainment at the Sci-Fi Con seems to get even better, and this year again they had a jam-packed schedule. They even had done some surveys to find out what people liked about the Con, and the entertainment was one of the things that constantly attracted the crowds. They held events in the Tesla Park region, where you got to experience Second Life's experience portals and walked into an airship and were brought right to whatever event was happening. They had live musicians, DJs, burlesque acts, particle shows, and even the Con was filmed by SL4Live TV!

There were so many performances this year that it would be hard to list all the acts in one article. Some of the highlights of the Con were the burlesque shows, one of which was *Ivy's Eleven*, performed by the TerpsiCorps troupe, which brought its Gotham City villains, who took to dancing about stealing Batman's car.

This was video taped by SL4Live TV and put on their YouTube channel. Take a look here and see this amazing show: https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=rHDALZsLlzY. Other acts also did a really great job entertaining us, like Ravenswood, run by Azdra Falls. SL United Dancers, directed by Venus (Shayna Paine) and produced by Chrissy Rhiano, did a show also. Newcomer to dance, Ruby Passion, got the pleasure of being able to dance for a real actor (Yee Jee Tso). There were roleplay sessions, story reading, tribute bands, and more. You also did not want to miss shows like *Tron* and *Sky Fire in Space*, which were excellent particle shows.

The Con ran from May 15th to 24th. They had a press day on the 14th. The awards and closing ceremony were on the 25th. DJ Irish from Gorean Whip had the stream as Kirk Wingtips, The Doctor (banker.ibor), StarWolff (starwolff2000), and Venus (Shayna Paine) gave their final speeches. Kirk took the podium and began by thanking everyone and stating how much the Con had raised. Venus then took the stand and gave her thanks to those who helped, and stated how proud she was of her events staff. After Venus, The Doctor gave his speech and warned everyone that the place would get blown up soon. Starwolff said her thank yous and handed the podium and mic back to Kirk. Kirk made some special announcements, stating, "Before we go
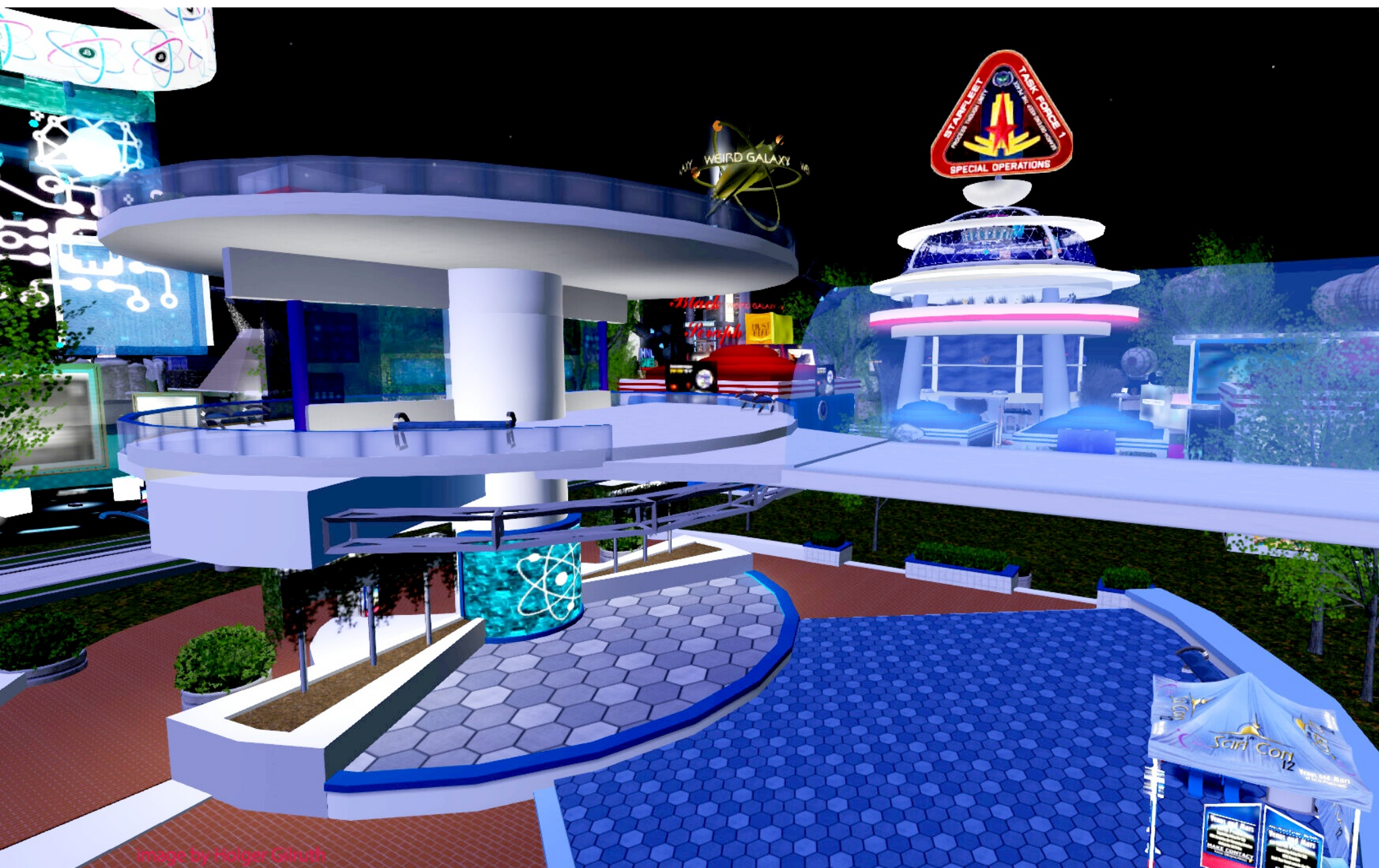
have our party, I have a special announcement to make! We already have our dates for Sci-Fi Con 13! May 14-23, 2021. And I know there were some rumors about why this year was the 12th and not the 13th and I would like to clear those up! We did not have a Con in 2018." He then official closed the Con and the stream started to play *It's the End of the World* by REM. Then the sirens started to go off and the crowd cheered and danced across the regions, while Pixi Centres Scotspaul (Destimona) grabbed the music stream to play parodies for Venus (Shayna Paine) to lead everyone in a mob dance while the regions were blowing up. The mob dance was choreographed by Deb Heron with animations sponsored and donated from Paragon Animations, as Sci-Fi Con came to an end. Some grateful it was over and others wanting it to continue.

Alas, it really did not end there. The patrons, staff, and volunteers all came back to the Sci-Fi Con Hub and got to dance the night away. The volunteers, staff, and builders all have a gift bag waiting for them, if they have not received it already. Vortech gave them a gift card (Vortech is your go-to store for sci-fi & fantasy huds and gadgets). Suzen Juel gave one of her art pieces called *Her* from her collection. Suzen Juel is a five-time cancer survivor who sings live in Second Life and does art

which you can buy from her gallery. The piece of art she gave as a gift was on the cover of the October 2018 *rez Magazine*, which included an interview with me. Rubin Mayo gave a gift package from his collection of gadgets too. Holger Gilruth also gave a nice gift that would look wonderful as a display item in any Second Life home.

This year, Sci-Fi Con raised over 1.5 million Lindens for Relay for Life, and during this time of stress in the real world, it was heartwarming to see a group of people collaborate so well, bringing themselves together online and helping such a good cause. The current problems in the world today have forced people to stay home, keep their distance in public, which in turn has given the online community a chance to shine and show how well people can still come together and do things to help improve society. This gives us hope regardless of the conditions of the world. Like voyages of the Starship Enterprise, it is our mission in society to seek out new ways, whether they are with strangers or loved ones, to help make our world better to live in and boldly cope with new challenges we face together.

Your intrepid reporter Barbie Starr signing off.

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TERPSICORPS ARTWERKS

photography

jami mills

The old saying goes that every day spent above ground is a good day.

Except for unemployed miners. They want to be underground, working.

But they're unemployed, so they're stuck above ground.

And then there's skydivers with parachutes that don't deploy.

They're above ground.

But they really don't want to be above ground, falling towards it.

Don't worry, though. They won't be for long.

They'll hit the ground soon enough.

Maybe even fall on that unemployed miner.

If the ground is soft enough, might even knock him into the dirt a bit.

And neither will be above ground at all.

Every Day Spent
by R.

RAKSHOWES

The VIRUS with the CROW[N]

The King of Vii surveys his lands,
No part beyond his greedy hands.
Fertile and defenseless lies,
Warm lush bodies please his eyes.

Unzipped, replicating Viis spring forth,
Hard and virile they're heading North.
Hordes of hungry Viis, lust filled spread,
To feast and rape and fill with dread....

The virus is amongst us hiding in the morning dew.
The virus is amongst us live and fresh and new.
The virus is amongst us but no one person knew.
The virus is amongst us where deathly bodies grew.

They travel in dro[
They fly in the ai[
Snorting and snee[
Spinning and dan[

The virus is amon[
The virus is amon[
And when it com[
And when it com[

We are food and [
We are food until[
And finally those[
Defenses raised t[

Note to the reader: Vii is pronounced Vee. 'Creptic' is a new word not yet in the diction[ary]

...WN

...oplets there's no need to hide.

...r no need for a guide.

...ezing is so very pleasing.

...cing their host is now wheezing.

...ngst us it is an unfair fight.

...ngst us it will stay till morning light,

...es it shall be a creeping creptic blight,

...es a hammer blow in all its tiny might.

...it shall feed until the famine dawns.

... last broken stems low growing mourns,

... weakened stems straighten and regrow,

...he virus now dumbfounded has to go.

The King of Vii slams his fist

Impotent armies,

Frustrated, he hissed.

His empire imploding,

His rage exploding

The tide of humanity

Sprung from captivity.


There will be... another... time....

You

Art Blue

You would know the hidden realm
where all souls dwell.
The journey's way lies
through death's misty fell.
Within this timeless passage
a guiding light does dance,
Lost from conscious memory,
but visible in trance.

Dr. Michael Newton, *Journey of Souls*

I page through the holographic files to configure my next life. When you are immortal, which is just a saying that means you just don't know anyone that ever died, then life is boring. You can't believe how boring. The first years -- I use years because then you understand me easily -- so the first years when you are back you add what you have experienced to your code so you grow, and by growing your colour changes. Mostly the changes are tiny, in my case just a different shade of blue. Right now I change to ocean blue. I know how hard it became for you to believe. You have given up believing you will be the exception, that you will not die. All I can offer are bridges. Let me place you for a moment in the world of In Mitra Medusa Inri and listen to *Ocean Blue.*

https://youtu.be/bYV0cyU8K90

For a big change, for a hover up, I would have to configure a hard life, one where everything runs against me. Never heard the expression "to hover?"

The Last Kingdom St. 1: Flg. 3 Folge 3
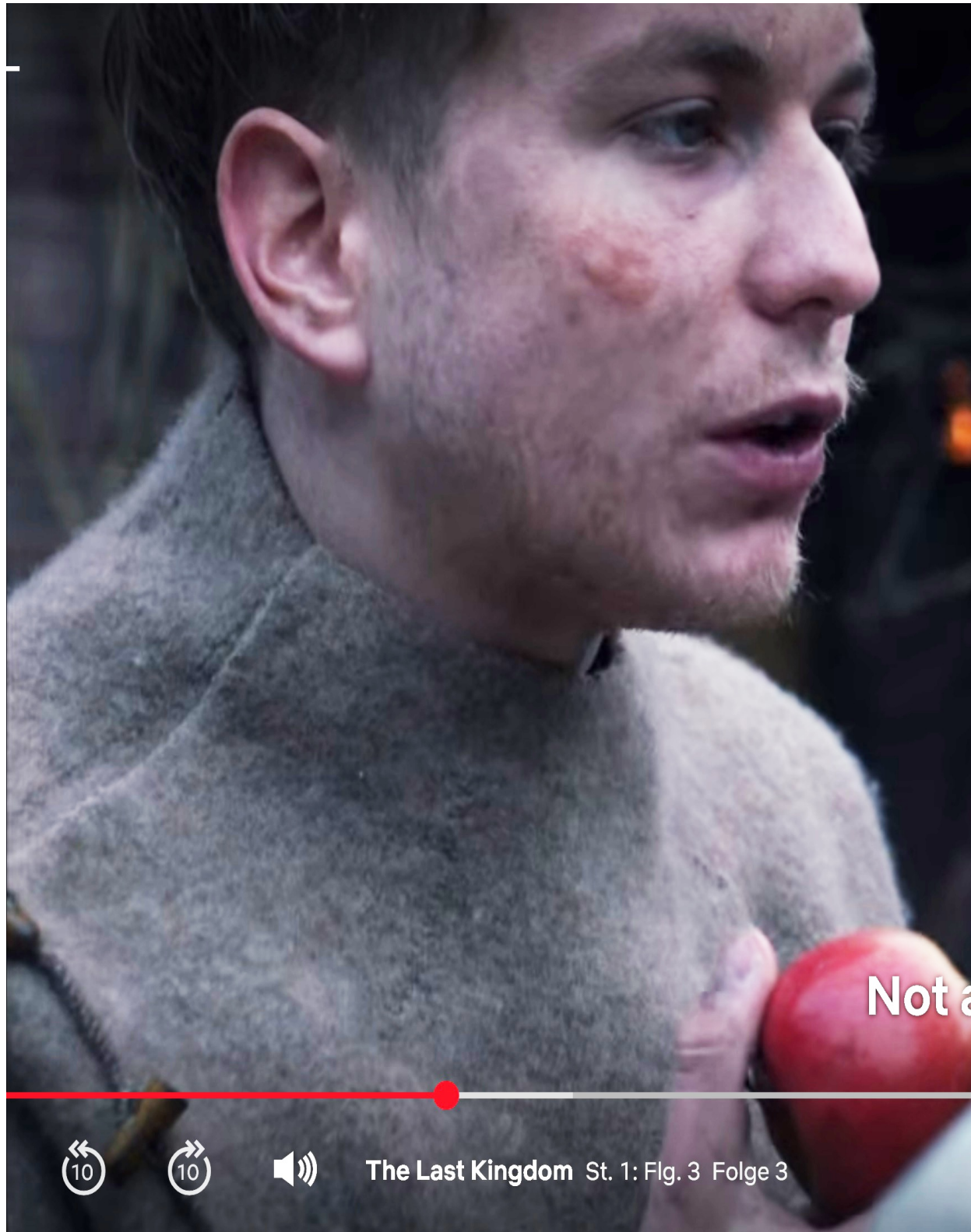
I am happy that I can give you a bridge that fits so well after *Ocean Blue.*

https://youtu.be/fDaoYqlrp9k

I hope you would take the time to hover. I have so much to tell and this needs time. So whisper my name, sing

with In Mitra Medusa Inri, "Will you find him tonight? Take off and start to hover."

Forgive me, my Lord, the milk has soured.

I am tired of milk and apples.

I need meat.

But you are a martyr, my Lord, to meat.

a word.

To die of cancer, sitting in an airplane that is about to crash, or enduring a pulmonary embolism would hover, would bring some bonus. The emotional disaster such an illness creates is a strong trigger for ovulating

advanced code. For all such doings there is one that is paramount: when you jump into a new life, you will forget everything from the coded world, from the one where I am now. Nevertheless, there are some ways to navigate, to bend the randomness of the flow of time and unpredictable happenings a little. *The Sand Bible* carries such lines, "… so our world runs stable like a steady flow of bit coins in a clear river running down from the Crater Lake in Oregon."

The Sand Bible calls itself *Not Sand, Not Sound*, it carries the new language, the ones of bit coins everyone uses but no one understands. It is a limited language. I stay rather traditional in my doings where pictures make sense. That's why I am right now about to real an orange that shall become a manifestation of a déjà vu. I stole the term "to real" from a creation I met. It is a purifier that walks along and cleans the air in a virtual world, a world where there is no air. Understandable that the creation, with the given name Long Legged Maskitt, wants to become real. I also want to real and I will.

That's the configuration I am working on. For this I code an orange. Time travelers call an object placed on a trajectory one may later touch a golden nugget. My golden nugget is the orange that will show up in my intended life as a fragment from where I come telling me in a translucent way what I once had in mind, the message of the orange. Hopefully, I decipher it wisely so it will guide me. I used the orange once when I was in the medieval age in a land that later

job started, which was in execution and if there were one added to the spooling queue asking for priority. Then I decided to give it. Not to be misunderstood, it was before the times where a job asked about free will, talking with all the others in the waiting line exchanging their arguments, their needs, and even their private thoughts. It was before jobs in a computer took all possible aspects into consideration before asking for a jump forward, for skipping the natural order.

> **An orange is a quite round thing with a fluid core in an uneven hull coloured between yellow and sand.**

became known as the Last Kingdom to connect with a magic woman, a clairvoyant from the lands of the Vikings. An orange is a quite round thing with a fluid core in an uneven hull coloured between yellow and sand. I was, as I said, about to real an orange, when I heard a barking sound. I remember this sound.

A few, not many, incarnations ago I was a console operator and there was a text screen, an IBM 3270 terminal where the HASP system told me what happens in the IBM mainframe, which

It was not at a time when such a demand was calculated in an immaculate way where no logical argument could be put against it. No, it was at a time where I got a call in voice. So when a voice call, whatever this might now mean for you, came in, then I jumped up, means I left my dreamlike state and I typed, which is another doing you may not know if you found this text in a time capsule, so I typed in, let's say I communicated in an ancient way the following string: $SYS Q RM1243

Then a message, just see it as an example, showed up on the IBM 3270 screen: 1ABC: RM1243 was executed at 17:12:55 Wed Aug 15/73. In this case I would report, "Looks like your job 1243 has been already executed. Want the details?"

No one would care of the details, at least not the kind of details I collect when not knowing how the future of console operating will look. I collect just for my own fun that the person on voice is right now not in the office, in fact, hasn't been since 16:40, which I will find out when checking when the job started. So why did the person make a call to me? To call or to make a call is also something you might have never heard of, if you have not been in the tiny time slice where I was. A call comes via a gadget, a box where you can talk from one person to another, means you signal in voice, which needs air, but you can only signal when you are standing close to such a box. You can't carry the box around. This type of a call in voice was called a call from a landline. That's why I knew this person is not in the office as there would be a terminal similar to mine where you can see the status of a job. All the person would have had to do would be to type in $DISPLAY 1243 and then they would know it all.

Ipso facto, this person was not next to a terminal, so definitely not in office.

You may bring in that the person could have been in the office but prefers to call to get some information. There is a low probability for this because of the status that gives such a terminal. I tell you this so you get a feeling of the emotional settings at this time. Having such a terminal, they have been called green screens, gives you power, gives you influence, but this was not seen by many at the beginning of this age, nor was it seen by the ones with the power, by the ones steering companies, by the ones ruling the world that the true power, the God power, would rest in the place where I am sitting. A place where you decide about life and death, a place where you protect the world from a dump.

I know you most probably are reading this story at a time when you carry a smartphone, when a GPS locator is embedded, when every person carrying such a gadget can be located by an operator in a position like the one I have been in at IBM 360 and IBM 370 times. The names have changed, the speed has changed, so many things have changed just in one single life. If I had started my life 50 years later I might now be an SA, a Situational Awareness console operator at the NGA, and could find much easier what I am seeking.

I tell you a true story, a story that came to my ears told by different people in

similar ways. I compared all the sayings and came to the conclusion that the variations in telling are not bigger than the reports of the Holy followers. Their reports were not written down at the time of Jesus; many of you know that it took some of his followers almost 30 years to bring their memories to paper, but all the variations did not change the belief in the Bible. It is in the Bible you know. It can't be wrong. Long before *Not Sand, Not Sound* was written.

It is good tradition to start such a story by "Once upon a time…."

Once upon a time, there was a computer, an IBM 360 Model 50. It was the top-notch system of the time. The leaders of the world's big companies wanted to show that they understood the change of time. They paid a tremendous amount of money to get such an IBM 360. A status symbol when guests were given a tour at the company plant. It was a "never to miss" event having a look at the IBM mainframe through a glass window. Behind this glass, the operators were doing their job, low paid workers like in an assembly line, surely higher paid than them, but not paid like Gods. I was not even paid as much as a dishwasher in a cantina, but I did not care. I knew the time would come when I would become what I was supposed to be. "The orange may guide me," was my big hope when configuring my life, the life I am reporting to you. I was sitting there on one of the green screens when I heard the story for the first time, eating an orange, ready to take an incoming call in voice.

Once upon a time there was a CEO, a big boss who ordered from the United States of America an IBM 360 Model 50 to revolutionize the way the company was running. After all the promises made, all the paintings of a bright future in mind, the system analysts, the programmers, the best brains in the company programmed the monthly payment routine to calculate the salary of the employees in a language the IBM computer understood. The name of the language was COBOL. You surely see how close the naming is to KOBOL. The Lords must have been with the creator.

I met the creator of COBOL, Grace M. Hopper, in one of my refreshing cycles. I said, "Non sibi sed patriae," which I thought quite fitting to the rank Grace reached in her last incarnation, making it to an admiral in the US Navy. I discussed with her the structure of the COBOL. "We there," she spoke of the humans at that time, "have not been in the stage of using Artificial Intelligence for system design, so I was thinking as a first step it would be fun to create a

programming language based on English." COBOL converted English terms into machine code quite successfully and it was used for over 50 years, then the programmers who were raised during COBOL times retired. She ended the talk with me to go configure her next incarnation by saying, "Aude Et Effice." Some readers may know that this means, "Dare and Do," and is the motto of the guided missile destroyer USS Hopper which was named after Grace.

I did not give much attention when she showed me a medallion which I saw again in the Afterlife Developers Conference, where a carbon life based on stacks and sleeves was created in a pepper machine. It is the Presidential Medallion of Freedom. Was this again Hopper giving us a link via her famous nanosecond visual that later went to the peppercorn for visualizing a picosecond? The Grace Hopper's units of distance. You feel lost? Not everyone reads the Bible, but at the end of days, many stick to every sand corn inside. Don't say Fake News. Every kid on earth knows how to search for Hopper, but I bet not many understand really more about Grace M. Hopper after they Google and find, "Later, while giving these lectures while working for DEC, she passed out packets of pepper, calling the individual grains of ground pepper picoseconds." [InformationWeek, January 6, 1992.]

It does not matter if it is the peppercorn or the picosecond. Google is like an orange full of advertisements,

some distractions you don't notice, some you do, just to get a picture of disruptive thinking when pepper and speed does not lead to Hopper but to Olam International.

Maybe you are curious to read more about this time? Wikipedia has a chapter on it, how Hopper changed the belief system at her time: "Nobody believed in my compiler and nobody would touch it. I decided data processors ought to be able to write their programs in English, and the computers would translate them into machine code. That was the beginning of COBOL, a computer language for data processors. I could say "Subtract income tax from pay" instead of trying to write that in octal code or using all kinds of symbols."

This brings me back to the story I tell you about the IBM 360 I heard about, when working as a console operator on an IBM 370 Model 158. That means the story happened about 10 years before.

A lot of effort was made to code the payments, to add all the special rules that come with such a doing, when regulations are made by the state and a strong workers union, all the exemptions for this and that needed to be set into COBOL which later would become a job to execute. The exemptions and special rules are in fact

endless. Just to give you an example: If I work right now before 6 o'clock in the morning, it gives a tax free bonus until the regular start of working time at 7 o'clock, but if I work on Saturdays, then it is not tax free but the amount I get is doubled. I was at this time still going to high school, so I worked only six weeks in the summer during the school holidays. As a consequence, I got all the paid taxes back at the end of the year, because in total I did not reach the minimum income.

I had upfront a letter from the tax office stating part-time income and by having such a letter, I might receive a tax-free income, depending on the amount reached. The company had to deal with this personal exemption. The amount indeed had to be virtually taxed first, as some elements were by law tax-free and not dependent on the amount. Things could get even more complicated if you were under the age of 18, which I was at this time. It must be Germany you say where such a complicated system exists, and you are right. I give you all these details so you believe the story I am about to tell.

The programmers, the top brains in computing, finished their job for the payroll accounting and sent it to execution. One of my predecessors, the console operator on the IBM 360 Model 50, gave the job priority, as who

does not want to get the money as soon as possible? The job went into the spooling system, which means the job had to be queued then, had to wait until it gets allotted to a memory segment of a pre-defined size, and then given priority to start. Finally the job worked and worked and worked, and finally it terminated after over 20 hours of execution. It wrote a dump on paper and the dump must have been tremendously long, as they run out of paper.

The CEO must have got word of it and rushed next day into the programmer's office where they had been sitting on the dump to find out what the error was that let the machine explode. He shouted in an angry voice: "If this f**king mess doesn't end at once, I'll pulverize the computing department and employ 100 retired people to do the calculations manually."

We all had to laugh about this story; the now retiring CEO left us as a recurring anecdote, every telling a little bit funnier. With the IBM 370, such things would not happen. There was a trace back in the operating system, there was a Multi Virtual Machine concept, the memory could be dynamically allocated, which means a small job got less memory than a big one. Parts of the memory could be swapped out on disc. Hell of a technology. And I was sitting there and directed the work flow. In fact, I had to do nothing, just wait for a voice call. But this waiting time I used wisely. You remember I was eating an orange, right? Others, I have to say not to make them look low, it is just a fact, only I have been reading the IBM manuals and now, which can go as a proof, they are full of some yellow markers, markers coming from the orange, but don't tell anyone. What I want to say is that after a while I knew all the commands. No one ever has read the manuals completely, page by page, so I don't fear much if words slip out that some pages are damaged with drips from the orange and have some brown spots from spilled coffee. Coffee? Just search for Espresso, or for Covfefe this gives better hits. You may say that the IBM 370 HASP system found his master. "Houston we have a problem," a saying I might rightfully claim. I am not sure if what they told me is true, that HASP stands for Houston Automated Spooling System and it's to honour Apollo. I think it does not stand for the most important and complex of the Olympian deities and not for the space rocket number 13, it stands for being prepared for the Armageddon, for a situation similar to the one I about to report.

But first things first. You know that God did not create earth the way it is now. Like a good painting, you paint and paint, then overpaint what you

have painted and then you take a drink and look at the painting from a different perspective. Then you paint again, you drink again. I think you got the message. I did not have such endurance, so I failed in getting this job on the first round.

I applied at a different company to be an operator on an IBM 370. You know by now at this time it was the flagship of IBM – International Business Machine Corp. - Big Money Corporation! Business stands for money and machine stands for fast money. International I think you understand without an explanation, that there is Germany also inside. There have not been many IBM 370 machines in my town. Luckily, it was Munich, a big town and luckily, the headquarters of IBM in Germany was there. I got the list of installations. Don't ask me how. I made it with my school rucksack on my back. Maybe someone at the press office of IBM felt so sorry for me. It was the time where the dawn of the geeks was still at the horizon. I wanted to become an operator on such a

machine! I had extreme recommendations, one by the IBM 360 Model 91.

I shall tell you more on this, so you understand what this meant: "The IBM System/360 Model 91 was announced in 1964 as a competitor to the CDC 6600. Functionally, the Model 91 ran like any other large-scale System/360,

but the internal organization was the most advanced of the System/360 line, and it was the first IBM computer to support out-of-order instruction execution. It ran OS/360 as its

operating system. It was designed to handle high-speed data processing for scientific applications. This included space exploration, theoretical astronomy, sub-atomic physics, and

global weather forecasting. The first Model 91 was used at the NASA Goddard Space Flight Center in 1968 and at the time was the most powerful computer in user operation. It was capable of performing up to 16.6 million instructions a second. The CPU consisted of five autonomous units: instruction, floating-point, fixed-point, and two storage controllers for the overlapping memory units and the I/O data channels. The floating-point unit made heavy use of instruction pipelining and was the first implementation of Tomasulo's algorithm. It was also one of the first computers to utilize Multi-channel memory architecture."
[Wikipedia]

https://youtu.be/bekPqO
j4-b8

https://youtu.be/V4kyTg
9Cw8g

Of course the IBM press manager knew that only 15 mainframes of this type had ever been sold worldwide and one machine was recommending me. You wonder about me, the orange

man? Yeah, but at that time I did not have the orange, so I failed. The recommendation of the 360 Model 91 had not been enough.

I had already the job in hand. The person in charge said, "Fine, you can work on school holidays as a peripheral operator. You have to separate the printouts and put them in the lockers where they have to be and …" The full sentence was not of importance because my heart was already jumping up, the rest was about the little money they could pay for an intern going still to school and when my work shift would start and end.

"One last thing, just a formality. I have to introduce you to the big boss. You will never meet him again, just a formality. You don't need to say anything of what knowledge you have gained," were the final words. So I walked in with my mentor (I later understood that he was one, but that was later, you remember the orange has not spoken yet to me), and I was standing in the

room looking towards the big boss when the boss said, "I heard you will work for some weeks in the computing department to fill up some holiday

And he shall
his head and

LAST KING

STELLAR
CAPTAIN

vacancies?" I don't remember what I said, of course it was something like, "Yes, I hope so." Maybe I just said "Yes." Then he asked me what I

wanted to become in the future. I said, "A system programmer or a system analyst." I swear by God I did not say, "A God." I swear by the Lords of

arrive with a stoat upon an apple in his mouth.

DOM, SEASON 2, EPISODE 7 -

Kobol, I did not say "Apollo" or "Zeus" either. That was it all.

My mistake was to say that I wanted to

become someone understanding the inside of a machine. My mentor told me later that, sadly, I did not get the job. I could not understand. "Why?" I said. I must have been in tears. "He is a system programmer and an analyst and he thinks no one can ever reach his level," was his answer, spoken in a sad voice. I should have noticed, I should have predicted this outcome. He was sitting on a pedestal behind a huge desk and big monitors. He looked down at me, down at us. I looked up. I challenged the Gods.

Looking now back on my failure, I see things different. It was a good thing to fail. Never ever would I have been allowed there, under the eyes of God, to enter the big room, the cathedral where the IBM 370 was executing. I would have stayed sorting printouts putting them into lockers. My next application was hard to take. My parents said, "You need to travel to work over two hours one way, that's the opposite side of the town and in the

middle of nowhere." I did not care, I made it, I become a peripheral operator on an IBM 370. A few days after I was cutting (separating as they said) the printouts with a colleague, a nice lady of my mother's age, said she could do this alone and I might go into the cathedral (she did not use this word, for her it was just a job, for me it was a mission). I was lucky suddenly.

My mother put an orange in my rucksack to eat later at work. In fact, she gave me more than one. I have to admit that I have to thank a person we call in Bavaria a "Northern light," the correct term I will spear you. It is one that might come close to the meaning coming from Hillbilly Ozark. He was happy about getting an orange. Day by day I had more of them. My mother saw that everyday all the oranges she put in the rucksack were gone, the cucumbers and banana not, so she increased the number of oranges and reduced the other stuff. In exchange for the orange I could sit at the IBM 3270 console when none of the big bosses was around, so it meant I started to work at 5:30 in the morning, standing up at 3 o'clock. This gave me more hours to listen to the machine, to mount the devices, to press the buttons when HASP was requesting something that needed to be loaded for a job. Then it happened, the déjà vu, the first of many to follow.

The IBM 370 Model 158 barked. I use "barked" because some years later humans began to talk about Dogs in AI, Dogs reclaiming AI. That's an artform, but I shall stick to the time I am writing right now. The barking sound was a system alert. The man I just heavily credited, the "Northern light," was jumping up from eating an orange; in fact, he was eating an apple. Don't blame yourself for getting an apple when you coded in the Afterlife an orange. A déjà vu does not work like in a text book, right? So I stepped off from sitting at the console in a hurry and he was in command. He looked at me like I had caused the alarm. Of course. If I would have been in his shoes I would have been thinking the same. Legally, I was the paper separation guy.

I said, "I did nothing." And then I pointed at his screen, the IBM 3270, "See, you must cancel job 4536 or the machine will dump, the trace back repair will not make it, the stack will overflow." I think he did not understand a word except, "It will dump." He called the system programmer on voice; he was not in his office. He was in the cantina. This detail only I knew. You see my story is not full of riddles. Now the beginning, where I told you of landlines and voice calls made from stationary boxes (they call also POTS lines) makes much sense, right?

I said, "He is not in his office You must cancel now." Don't argue and say that I intermingled the timeline. Time is circular, so what's the deal that later I was sitting all the time at the console? The dump happened, the machine collapsed, all jobs running terminated. Minutes before, the system programmer was called factory-wide via a sort of public announcement in coded form.

"Mister X, please call number 2335, Mister X for 2335." It was too late. When Mister X finally made it, looking at the messages that had been printed as a copy from the IBM 3270 screen, the guy, my colleague the Northern light, was asked why he did not cancel the job? He looked at me. The system programmer must have thought that I was a wrong doer.

"Was he on the console?" he asked. "No, no," the Northern light said to Mister X. "He told me that I should cancel and said the stack would overflow, but I was not sure; I have never seen such message before."

The next day the system programmer came and said to me, "You have been programming at Max Planck on the IBM 360/91 in FORTRAN, where they do the calculations for the stars?" He must have been at the employment office and read my recommendations. The last three weeks of being paid as a paper guy I could sit on the console, I could listen and talk to the Gods.

Of course this is just the start of my story. For you to read in full in *The Gods of Informatics*.

There you find out why I stick so much on the Gods, why I put the first oranges at these time in place. A tiny detail you need for a full understanding, it is stated in the IBM manual. It is the list of what HASP commands can't be issued from a remote terminal, you must be at the console close to the heart of the machine, at these days, at these days, at IBM times. Only there you can kill life, at these times called jobs. The logs showed me that someone in the design department, where they sketched refrigerators and cooling devices, tried to abort the job, but the command had been rejected. It was less than a minute after the public announcement, "Mister X for 2335." What had the system programmer to do there? Why he did not call in voice from there? Why three minutes later from a different landline? He was not in the cantina at his lunch time. This is all I tell you.

Never blackmail a supporter of the Gods! For this you do not need an orange.

·r——e——z·

RoseDrop Rust

BURLESQUE

I love burlesque

when it's dark as an acid trip

and tomatoes are at hand.

Crows explode

as the set changes

and a single figure descends

stairs from nowhere

to dance fitfully

and sob stylistically.

So vulnerable

in this illusion of danger,

but the villain is a comedian,

and plays it for laughs.

The band is a mime

that couldn't keep silent,

and quacks through the acts

until the curtain

like a black snowstorm falls.

Is it time to go?

CAT'S BEACH GALLERY

Second Life Photography
By Cat Boccaccio

WHAT EVS by Zyn

Pretty soon, the copyright on Happiness will expire

and the rest of us can launch our sagging soul-space higher

without royalty or tax, remittances or facts

we'll simply let our lack of paperwork for misery

be the loophole that sets us free

We're out of op-eds today I looped their moaning outrage on autopla

and drowned the whole mess in the tub, along with liars, deniers

and pants-on-fires, the bubble bubble bubble glub

of armed indignant dog-whistle bitching

scratching ideological itching

circling the drain

Be Gone

Go Away

What evs

Just. Play.

I have a glass I want to fill with what's enjoyed

not blurs of fleeing yet another vicious void

of oaths we make each other take

and faiths we pledge our holy whatnots to not forsake

the point-me-at-my-enemy-and-load-my-gun

...so in my tribe of loneliness

I'll know I'm not the only one

I'm done.

The list of shit that will still be there tomorrow

...will

and one day we'll all be presented with the bill

What evs

But not tonight, I dance in a better light without fire or fight

A dirty martini, keep it clean and tight

...and I don't need to be right

Just. Here.

Once, I Actually Date[d] a Lifeguard – for Andy

Jullianna Juliesse

In my mind—
You still wear a starched pink oxford and crisp khakis.
You drive a Corvette with a vanity plate—
Your initials, ASL.
You had a second car, late-model brown sedan.
What kind of 19-year old has two cars?

I am not allowed to brush my hair in that Corvette.
Or to eat the ice cream cone you bought me at the Dairy Queen.
Vanilla, dipped in chocolate.

Yes, you were a bit of an idiot.
You admitted it.
Yes, I was worried about the sticky melt dripping down my hand.
I worried about everything back then.

In my mind—
We sit awkwardly at the movie
While the Roy Rogers charity basket passes—
In synch with the preview on the screen.
Happy trails, you crazy kids.

It was a Spielberg movie, E.T.

You held my hand, and I died a little inside—
17- year old me.
I ate buttery popcorn and drank icy orange soda.
Licked the salt off my right hand while you squeezed the other.

In my mind—
We sit on the beach at Cove Island.
Stamford, Connecticut.
You, tanned muscle lifeguard man.
Me, shy Irish girl in my brand-new Jantzen one piece,
Turquoise blue, covered the flaws only I saw.

Small breasts, wide eyes—
I was so out of my league.
You pass me a Coke from the cooler.
Cold, delicious.
I stretch my legs out on the towel and relax.

Finally.

From that beach we could see Darien,
The other side of the harbor.
The rich town.
It didn't look so different,
But it could have been a thousand miles away.
We didn't care.

Thirty years later, we exchange memories.
You hated parties.
You liked girls in mini skirts.
I thought I was a wallflower, but you said I was pretty.

Pretty?
Me?

I flew into the full moon in the basket of a bike that night in 1982.

Funny how life ends up.

SINGER/ SONGWRITER SERIES #2

Winston Ackland

Larkbird Parx

"Where's your wife this evening?"
My bartender said to me.
Well, I divorced number one.
Number two's at home,
And I just met number three.

-Lyrics from *Every Day is a Saturday Night*

Some songwriters want to be rich and famous. Some want to share their deepest thoughts with the world. Winston Ackland (Bruce Lash) just wants to have fun.

Currently living in a suburb of Detroit, Winston was raised on a girl scout camp where his father was the caretaker. His mother enjoyed music and took him to Carnegie Hall to hear Harry Belafonte. At the age of seven he began piano lessons with a teacher who recognized and focused on his interest in writing music.

Winston's biggest musical influence was The Beatles. "I've got The Beatles in my DNA. Paul is my spirit animal. I thought if they were writing, then I should be too," he says. The first pieces were piano songs for his lessons, "and then a bunch of stuff that sounded like Beatles songs. I'm still working through that phase."

He was given a guitar by his father when he was 11. Using Mel Bay teaching books, listening to records and practicing with friends, he formed his first band in high school.

photo by RobertEroicaDupea

"Pullman West," Winston's first band, found teenage success by playing gigs at Ronnie's Pavillion, a place on a lake, every Friday night during the summer of his junior year. "If you measure success by having fun, we were successful," he says. "Girls, and sneaking beer in, and smoking pot... all summer long, actually."

After high school, college. "Yes, I went to college for a year, had a GREAT time, dropped out, but came back to it and got a B.S. in Earth Science. I knew that it was something I would never work in, and I didn't want to study, in school, what I would do for a living. To get a degree for a job seemed impure to me."

He continued to play throughout college. "I got in with a really musical guy called Tom Carmack. He wrote really well and would restructure cover songs... he really took wonderful liberties. I learned a lot from Tom!"

During college, he played with a 60s cover band named The Weeds, a gig he calls "the best college job ever!" And though he wasn't making a living through music, he says "I think we made enough to have good college fun." After school, he and one of the players from The Weeds, Ken Zawacki, went on to form The Virgineers in the 90s.

Even without making a living with

music, he says, "I've had some interesting episodes...I think it's a burden if you have to come up with some music so you can eat... sorta takes the sex out of it."

One of those episodes was the creation of two cover records, bossa nova versions of rock songs, named *Prozak for Lovers* (1998) and *Prozak for Lovers II* (2006). Some of the titles on these albums are *Psycho Killer*, *Don't Fear the Reaper*, and *I Wanna Be Sedated*, among other soothing tunes. https://www.youtube.com/playlist?list =PLthrhXLGe1av75nWnZzwA0Cjmij 895mEe

"I did the first one and it was soul crushing, in a way... like making sausage. Taking all these hard songs and making them into bossa novas. Sameness, track to track, was required."

Sameness turned to satisfaction when two songs from *Prozak for Lovers II* made it into major films. His version of *Lithium* https://www.youtube.com/ watch?v=MvznE4cAoWM&list=PLthr hXLGe1av75nWnZzwA0Cjmij895mE e&index=15&t=0s got into *Marley and Me*, and *Psycho Killer* https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ly 9fkGTiICM&list=PLthrhXLGe1av75n WnZzwA0Cjmij895mEe&index=17&t =0s got into an Oliver Stone film called *Savages*.

"It was unreal," he says. "I didn't believe it was really happening until i saw the films. Those songs are still, exponentially, bigger streams than any original song I've ever done."

Winston's original pieces are eclectic and span many genres: pop, rock, blues, folk, ambient. His choice of a favorite song for this article, *Every Day is a Saturday Night*, https://brucelash.bandcamp.com/track/ every-day-is-a-saturday-night is due to seven long years of deliberation. "I picked it because I had the first line for so long before I knew where the song was going to go. I've written a number of songs from the point of view of some inscrutable characters, and this is one of them. It just sat there, waiting to be born. I had...

> *"Where's your wife this evening?"*
> *My bartender said to me.*
> *Well, I divorced number one.*
> *Number two's at home,*
> *And I just met number three.*

...And I didn't know where to go with it. I picked it up again during the 2019 RPM challenge (write and record an album during the month of February), and I was able to finish the song."

"The way I see it, the bartender asks him about his wife because he wants her to come take him home. Of course, he is oblivious. The rest of the song is

his cognitive dissonance. He's a rascal."

Winston has participated in these challenges for the years of 2009, 2010, 2019, and 2020. His music is available on Bandcamp, YouTube, Spotify, and Apple Music, among others. https://brucelash.bandcamp.com/music

Like a lot of us, Winston read about Second Life in early 2007. He found the idea of "virtual land" and building intriguing. When it comes to performing in SL, he enjoys "the lack of heavy lifting, the fact that I can have my environment the same for each show and play to the beautiful people who come from all over. It's poignant, especially during this pandemic. We are all apart, and yet, here we sit together, or here we dance together."

Go to the show. Listen. Enjoy yourself. And don't forget to tip!

Every Day is a Saturday Night (Lash)

"Where's your wife this evening?"
My bartender said to me.
Well, I divorced number one.
Number two's at home,
And I just met number three.
She's a real life true romancer,
And, if I play my cards just right,
I can make her laugh
Like my better half,

And she'll be in my arms tonight.

I been sitting on this bar stool
Since a quarter past two or three.
And I seen 'em come,
And I seen 'em go.
They look just the same to me.
Now, don't misunderstand me.
You know, I might be a little tight.
I've been up all night, day drinking.
'Cause every day is a Saturday night.

I just like fun.
I never hurt none no one.
I'm as happy as can be.
And if you like day drinking,
You can drink right here with me.

I don't care what time it is,
Just as long as I've got mine,
'Cause I just love my liquor.
Yes, it makes me feel so fine.

"It's time for you to go now,"
My bartender said to me.
"No, I will not pour.
You are on the floor
And as drunk as you can be."
So I settled up my bar tab,
And I slipped on out of sight.
I've been up all night, day drinking,
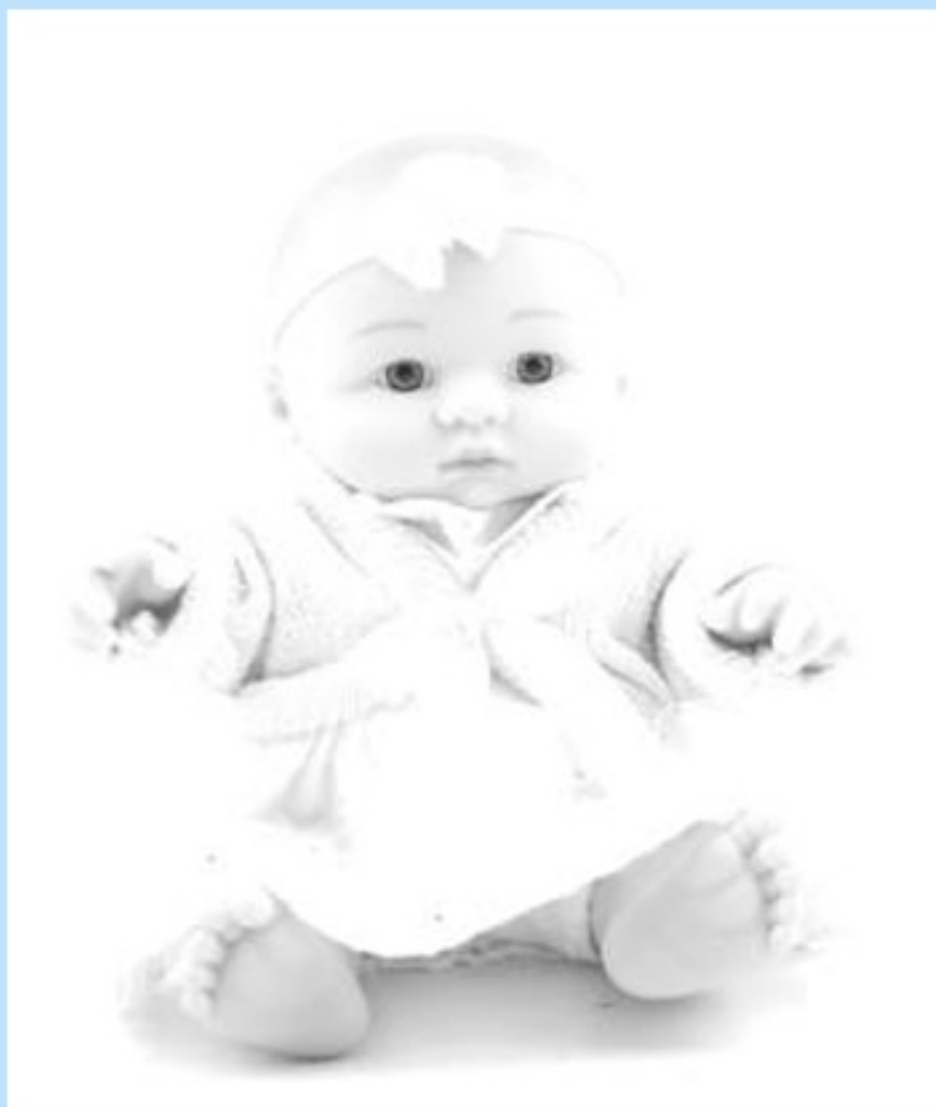*'Cause every day is a Saturday night.*

I've been up all night, day drinking,
'Cause every day is a Saturday night.

.r——e——z.

Lundy Art Gallery and Museum

Brussel (11, 129, 2003)

MOCKINGBIRD

CAT BOCCACCIO

"Look at his tiny

I looked at its to
tiny and wrinkle

When I poked it
around its foot o

"He is so tiny an
her face, breathir

I wasn't tiny, no
sandwich and fru
and coleslaw in
soft white cloth.
with. She rocke
mockingbird".

When I fell aslee
night. It slept in

Gramma came to
out to the front p

"You are thin," C
to mine. My eye:

Gramma wrappe

Gramma brough
for its head and a

"What will you

"Moon," I said.

"What shall we

He wrapped a tir

"We can," said N

y toes," said Mama.

es, they were tiny; it was tiny, smaller than my baby doll, and just as bald. its face was
d, its eyes were tightly shut as if it was in pain.

in the tummy (when Mama wasn't looking) it didn't cry. I could wrap my whole hand
r its hand and it would disappear in my fist.

d beautiful," said Mama, not to me, but to someone else. Jesus? She held it up against
g it in.

t any more, not yet. Mama didn't notice when I stopped eating. She put my cheese
uit salad on the table. She fed it milk from her breast. She put Kentucky Fried Chicken
cardboard tubs on the table. She took it to the changing table and wiped its bum with a
She gave me a dixiecup full of vanilla ice cream and a small wooden paddle to eat
d it in her arms, walking round and round, singing "Mama's gonna buy you a

ep at school, Mama said, "I'm sorry, kitty, baby kept you awake." I didn't hear it cry at
Mama's bed.

stay. She held it, saying, "He is so tiny!" And then she saw me watching, and took me
orch, where there was a bench, and we sat down, and she took me into her lap.

Gramma said. I squirmed. "What's wrong with your eyes, kitty?" She put her face close
s had fallen inside my head so I could hardly see out.

d me up in her arms and I disappeared, just like its tiny foot disappeared in my fist.

t me something that moved. It was covered in soft grey fur, striped, with ears too big
a tiny nose and tiny paws. It was warm and purred when I held it to my chest.

call him?" Gramma asked me.

call the baby?" Mama asked me.

ny hand around my finger. "Can we call him Joe, same as daddy?"

Mama.

Dearstluv W

WF

HEN?

So shadowed, in darkness, are the skies.

gray dark clouds smothering a needed sun.

Scorched and burning fields go uncontrolled.

Forests devoured in heated flaming fire.

Powerful intrusive quakes shaking native land

Digging, burying, creating destructive paths.

Abundant water saturates… allowing depth and mud.

Eroding soil, drowning innocent living creatures.

To horizons, the snow piles.. . heavy on slippery ice.

Shielding the coldness and covering vulnerable soil.

And I wonder………..where…and just when….

WHEN…….. will the saving ANGELS arrive….

Retrieving back to us………

The GARDEN…once named…………. EDEN.

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